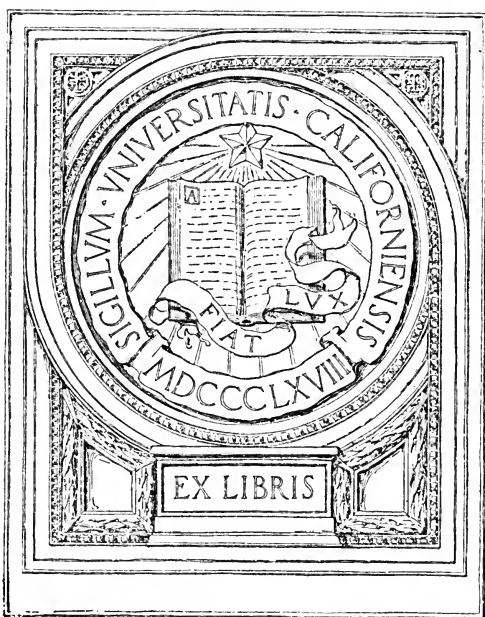


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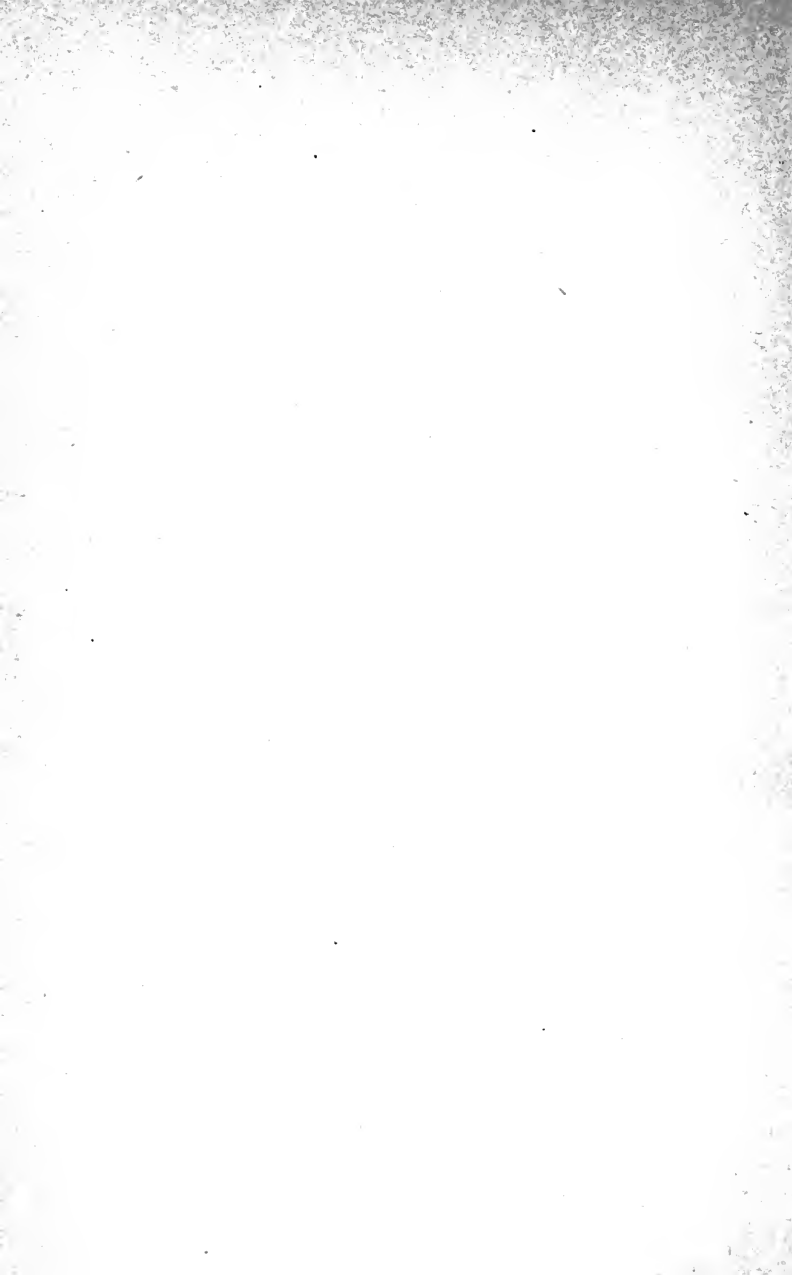
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**IRELAND : A SONG OF HOPE
AND OTHER POEMS**

Books by Padric Gregory.

THE ULSTER FOLK (1912)

OLD WORLD BALLADS (1913)

MODERN ANGLO-IRISH VERSE (1914)

LOVE SONNETS (1914)

Alfred Bull

Ireland : A Song of Hope

And other Poems

By

PADRIC GREGORY



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DEDICATION

TO

THE REV. GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J.

*Professor of Philology and English
Language at University
College, Dublin*

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT
OF MY INDEBTEDNESS TO HIM
FOR HELPFUL CRITICISM
I DEDICATE THESE
VERSES

AUTHOR'S NOTE

A number of the poems here collected for the first time have already appeared in the following anthologies: *The Treasury of Irish Prose and Verse* (George Routledge & Son), edited by Mr. Guy W. Pertwee; *The Book of Irish Poetry* (The Talbot Press, Ltd., Dublin), edited by Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves; *The Lullabies of Four Nations* (The De La More Press), edited by Miss Adelaide G. A. Gosset; *A Little Book of Irish Verse* (Heath, Cranton, Ltd.), edited by Mr. Albert A. C. White; and one poem is reprinted from *Modern Anglo-Irish Verse* (David Nutt), edited by myself. Others in this volume originally appeared in *Studies*, *New Ireland*, *The Irish Book Lover*, *Irish Opinion*, *The Clongowman*, *The Irish Rosary*, *The Cross*, &c., &c. To those to whom I am indebted for permission to reprint any of the verses in this book I desire to tender my sincere thanks.

PADRIC GREGORY.

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POEMS AND BALLADS
RELATING TO IRELAND

IRELAND:
A SONG OF HOPE

IRELAND: A SONG OF HOPE



NOT in this day, O Ireland, shalt
thou perish,
What though red ruin spates
all peoples down,
For thou still bringest forth strong sons
who cherish
A fierce and sacred love for thy renown.

Heed not if even the angels gasp
astounded,
If the blood-drunken earth, o'er-gorged
of wars,
Crunches the clay-based thrones kings
deemed rock-founded,
And vomits them unto the startled
stars.

For not on rock or brass is thy throne
 builded,
But on proud passionate hearts in every
 clime ;
And they will bear thee, who hath royally
 filled it,
Till Judgement bugles blare the doom
 of Time.

Mother of warriors, heroes, saints, and
 sages !
Thy day hath yet to dawn : thy martyrs'
 cries
God yet shall hear and grant thee, thro'
 the ages,
The freedom thou hast craved for
 centuries.

For God wots well since thou became
 enslavéd—
What though thy cheeks are scarred
 with salten tears—
Thy faith in His White Word hath lived
 and bravéd
The Oppressor's might for nigh a
 thousand years.

Thy sorrowed eyes have seen invading
foemen—

Grim sons of grimmer sires King Dathy
shamed—

Make of thy land a death-pen where their
yeomen

Burned and pillaged, raped and racked,
and maimed.

At their command thy homesteads have
been shattered,

Thy best-born shipped across the seas
as slaves,

Or left to rot, with gaping eyes, blood-
spattered,

Or heaped like vermin into unmarked
graves.

And yet, O land beloved ! the years have
found thee

Sole Sovereign still, in hearts of noble
birth ;

Meetly, O land revered ! the years have
crowned thee

A type eternal of true mother's worth.

For thee, men laboured in the sheltered
 haven,
 Laid the war-corach's keel, and manned
 its side,
And broke the standards of the Danish
 Raven,
And drove their corpse-strewn ships
 back o'er the tide.

For thee, a thousand times, in 'venging
 rallies
 Thy lion-hearted met and fought and
 bled ;
A thousand times thy hills, and woods,
 and valleys,
Have shown the stars their grasses
 splashed with red.

While warred thy sinewy brood for death
 or honour ;
 For ne'er to victor foe were known to
 kneel
Niall, Brian, Malachy, O'Connor,
O'Donnell, Art Macmurrough, or Shane
 O'Neill.

And age left age thy bitter wrong's sad
story,

And hand to hand gave down the torch
afame :

Thine O'Sullivan Beare's and Owen
Roe's glory ;

Red Hugh's and Sarsfield's, Tone's and
Emmet's fame.

Theirs to unloose the welded chains thou
worest—

The chains we yet shall rive and tear
in twain ;

Theirs, theirs, to struggle when the strife
was sorest,

And ours the fruit of all their searing
pain.

And theirs the bitterness when Hate's
dark surges

Gathered and broke o'er thee, adown
the years ;

Ours, ours the joy when thy sweet form
emerges

From slavery's Pale, cleanséd in God's
own tears.

In this our day thou shalt be freed, O
Mother!

And leave thy sundered chains behind
the bars;

And we will rear thy throne o'er every
other,

And aureole thy brows with gleaming
stars.

Thy golden womb shall still give forth
new sages

To teach the peoples, listening in meek
awe,

To love the rule of equal right, through
ages,

To guard and keep that nobler, juster
law.

And thou shalt win the whole world's
adulation,

And when thy stainless standard is
unfurled,

Thy new and eldern glory every nation

Will hymn in thunderous pæans round
the world.

And we, with those long exiled from their
sireland,

Wherever they hold empery, shall not
fail

With welkin-echoing cheers to bid thee,
Ireland,

Mother of Mothers, Queen of Queens,
all hail !

IRELAND AND WORLD
FREEDOM.



IRELAND! *this is my song of
you—*

*This is the song I give your
sons*

*(Patriots all, and staunch and true),
To sing in despite of the brattling guns.*

The drums of doom, at Islam's gate,
Shall beat full soon, nor be denied!
The virgin torn, the gray-beard spate,
Whose ghosts to God for vengeance cried

Shall be avenged; and spectral hosts
Of slain from Greece and Macedon,
From Crete to the Dalmatian coasts,
Shall rise to see the vengeance done.

The worms shall glut and feast their fill
Upon the bones of throneless Czars,
The Muscov speak his sons his will.
About this age's freeing wars.

The Pole, the Maygar, held in thrall,
And all who knew the bondsman's
shame
Shall crash aside the cup of gall
And break the bonds that sear and
maim.

The races tyranny long smote
Shall beat their swords to ploughing-
shares,
Armenian, Albanian, Croat,
Shall hymn High-God in lauding
prayers.

And as the peoples rose and broke
The power of eldern Ayran kings :
In distant Cathy burst the yoke,
Thro' Babylon's walls clove openings,

And left the Pantheon a place
Where now but green-backed lizards
bide,
Exterminated Phillip's race,
And crushed the haughty Burbons'
pride,

So shall the peoples bring to dust
The Teuton's breed : his power shall
wane,
And battle-fields shall gape and lust
For sacrificial blood in vain.

And men shall rally, as of yore,
Whatever nurtures in them still
The faith that thrills the brave heart's
core,
And 'courages the constant will.

And they who suffered and stood fast
That justice might the weak uphold
Shall come into their own at last :
Their blessings shall be manifold.

And in its death-throes Tyranny
Shall see the dusk of ruin stain
Its capitals, and, blightinglly,
Fire mosque, and minaret, and fane.

And when the Maori takes his stand
On London Bridge's crumbling walls,
To limm—perchance with trembling
hand—
“ The broken ruin of St. Paul's ”

Then, then, O Ireland! thou who brought
Forth men of wisdom and of worth,
Ere Pharaohs ruled, or Cæsars fought,
Or Christ came down to save this
earth—

Then, then, O Motherland! shalt thou
Still stand resplendent, fair, and free,
Victor and vanquished to endow
With thine own love of liberty.

*Ireland! this is my song of you—
This is the song I give your sons
(Patriots all, and staunch and true),
To sing in despite of the brattling guns.*

THE CAPTURE OF THE CANNON.

(A Ballad of the Williamite Wars, A.D. 1690).



ALL on a starless August morn
Ere yet the first cock crew,
Brave Sarsfield took, from
Limerick town,
The road to Killaloe.

He gave the word, then fleetly spurred
By darkened vale and fen,
And he sang this song, as he rode along
At the head of five hundred men :

*The Dutch steal down from Cashel town
With powder and ball and cannon,
And flat tin-boats to use as floats
In the marshes of the shannon ;
But their guns we'll thieve, and their guns
we'll leave
Their mouths the brown earth under,
Pile powder and ball, tin-boats and all,
And we'll blow the heap asunder.*

They rode to do ! they rode to die !

They rode more fleetly than the wind,
Till a castle-towered before them lowered
And Limerick town lay far behind.

To Ballyneety's towers they came
Ere two of the clock had chimed,
And they spake no words, but they loosed
their swords,
And rode with their muskets primed.

And Sarsfield halted his cavalcade
All in the tree-lined road ;
In the saddle he turned, and his bright
eyes burned,
Like discs of fire they glowed ;

Vnd he drew his sword, then he gave the
word
And they swept on their enemy,
And as muskets crashed, and sabres
flashed,
They thundered right merrilie :

*Ho ! ho ! you're down from Cashel town
With powder and ball and cannon,*

*And your flat tin-boats to use as floats
And ferry ye o'er the Shannon ;
But your guns we'll take, and your guns
we'll stake
Their mouths the brown earth under,
Pile powder and ball, tin-boats and all,
And we'll blow the heap asunder.*

No man they spared when their swords
they bared
Till the ground was strewn with dead,
Till like stark hosts of dawn-caught ghosts
The Dutchmen broke and fled.

And when his band at his stern command
Back in from their routing rode,
Brave Sarsfield's eyes in the darkness
burned,
Like discs of fire they glowed.

Quoth he : " Well done ! well fought and
won !

Now carry ye out my plan,
For " Sarsfield " is the word, my men,
And Sarsfield is the man ! "

Ere the order slipped from his lips they
gripped

The cannon and dragged them forth,
They loaded them well with powder and
shell

And jammed their mouths in the earth.

And Sarsfield smiled as his soldiers piled
On top of the loaded cannon,
The flat tin boats to be used as floats
In the marshes of the Shannon.

And over the plain they laid a train
Of powder, then rode away,
O'er dying and dead the cavalcade sped
Ere the east 'gan growing grey.

Then anon came a flash, a quivering flash,
And a bright white blinding flare!
It seemed as though Heaven asunder was
riven

For a crash rent the morning air,
That rumbled the ground for leagues
around

And shuddered the hills of Clare!

.

And Sarsfield halted his cavalcade
All in the tree-lined road,
In the saddle he turned, and his bright
eyes burned,
Like discs of fire they glowed.

And he sheathed his sword then fleetly
spurred
By brightening hill and down,
And he sang this song, as he rode along
To the gates of Limerick town :

*The Dutch crept down from Cashel town
With powder and ball and cannon,
And their flat tin boats to use as floats
In the marshes of the Shannon ;
But their ranks we cleft, and their guns
we left
Their mouths the brown earth under,
Piled powder and ball, tin boats and all,
And we blew the heap asunder.*

THE BRIDGE OF ATHLONE.

(A Ballad of the Williamite Wars, 1691).



WHEN Ginkell came before
Athlone
With horse, and foot, and
cannon,
Quoth he: "I'll breach yon mouldering
walls,
And then I'll cross the Shannon!"

"Aim straight! aim straight! my gunners
true,
Wipe out yon Irish rabble,
And cleave those walls with cannon balls,
As swiftly as thou'rt able!"

The grim Dutch gunners eyed the town,
They primed their cannon fairly,
And Ginkell laughed for the bursting
shells
They missed the bastions rarely.

Then up and spake the brave Fitzgerald—
Above the cannon crashes—
“The Dutch have blazed and cleft and
razed
Athlone’s old walls to ashes;

“And even now they do prepare
With horse, and foot, and cannon,
To take our town if they can win
The bridge across the Shannon.”

Then up and spake a sergeant brave:
“Who’ll make the Dutchmen wonder,
And laugh in the teeth of bloody Death,
And hack yon bridge asunder?”

Stepped forth eleven goodly men—
Greybeards, and youths, and yeomen;
Aye, even the wounded cried for leave
To meet their foreign foemen!

Out on the bridge the Irish rushed
“For God and Ireland!” crying,
And stood in a hell of seething shell,
Stout axe and crowbar plying.

But musketeers and grenadiers
Full soon those braves did slaughter,
And warm blood dripped, thro' beams
half-ripped,
And dyed the Shannon water.

Twelve more brave hearts leaped forth,
nor feared
The muskets deadly humming,
And a wall of Irish flesh and blood
Barred well the Dutch on-coming.

St. Ruth rode up, St. Ruth rode down,
Upon the Connacht border,
And Ginkell lined, for one mad charge,
His cavaliers in order—

Then spake; and smoke-grimed soldiers
sped,
But lo! with thunderous crashes
That thrill all hearts the corpse-strewn
bridge
Into the torrent dashes!

And only two of that fearless band
Of greybeards, youths, and yeomen,
E'er lived to hear the ringing cheer
That broke from friends and foemen.


.

When Ginkell came before Athlone
With horse, and foot, and cannon,
Quoth he: "I'll breach yon mouldering
walls,
And then I'll cross the Shannon!"

With cannon balls he breached the walls,
But his gunners were not able
To quell the dauntless spirit
Of the Irish hero-rabble.

And folk still sing the noble deed
Throughout our sorrowed sireland,
Christ send us more like the twenty-four
Brave men who bled for Ireland.

A BALLAD OF '98 HEROES.

ERE'S to the men who, for
Ireland's sake,
Were banished across the
sea,
Prisoned, pitch-capped, flayed at the
stake,
Or hung on the gallows-tree;
And here's to the heroes who, pike in
hand,
Lay rotting on battle plain
Because they had planned
To make our Land
A Nation once again.

Tone's throat was slit in Kilmainham Jail,
Young Emmet cut up half hung;
How they hacked Fitzgerald to death 's a
tale—
For shame's sake—better unsung;

Father Murphy was shot before Arklow
While leading a hopeless fray,
And treacherous foe
Hung MacCracken, Munroe,
And sent Dwyer to Botany Bay.

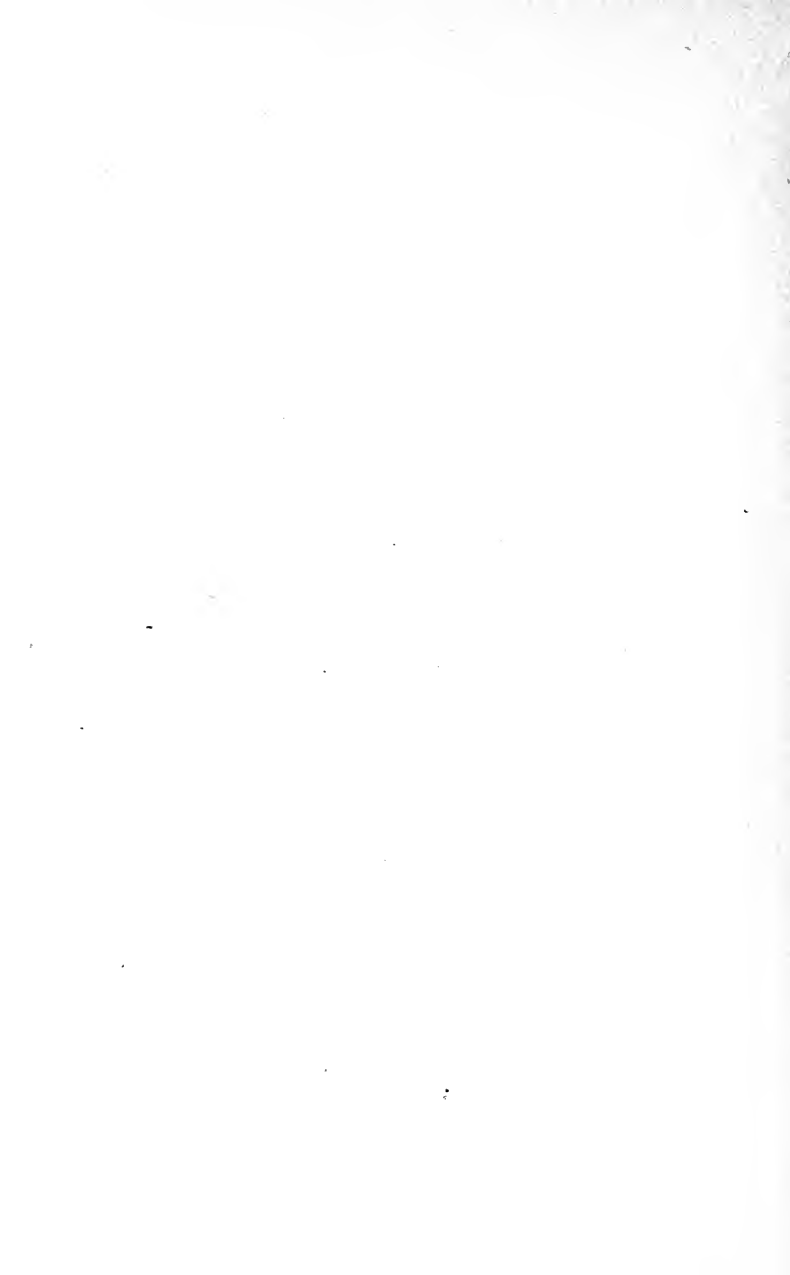
Here's to the men who inspired the war
Soul-bittered by Ireland's tears :
MacNevin, Bond, Addis Emmet, Orr,
Tandy, O'Connor, and Shears ;
When with England's legions they strove
to cope
They were hounded down like slaves,
And if, like Hope,
They escaped the rope
Were branded as cowardly knaves.

Here's to the Nameless Unnumbered
Dead
Who battled for Ireland's weal,
Ne'er fearful of whirlwind showers of lead
Or glittering lines of steel ;
And here's to the living whose hearts
were wrung

When they found themselves alone :
 Their women-folk strung,
 Or raped, or hung,
Their babes on the dung-heap thrown.

Then here's to the pikemen and
 musketeers
Who fought with such right good will,
We've honoured their names for an
 hundred years,
We boast of their bravery still ;
And we're sprung from their sturdy seed,
 and we
Will fight as they fought of yore—
 Aye, if needs be
 Till eternity—
Till we free our Land once more.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND BALLADS



A CHURL'S SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

A.D. 1300.



O-MORROW will be Christ's
birthday,
And we, poor churls, will all
make gay

And spend our Yuletide gaily ;
Nor out to plough the gafol plot,
Or thatch the barley-ricks, I wot,
Or sweat as we do daily,
Or mast the hogs, or bank the ditch,
Or skin the beeves, or salt the flich,
Or in the barths go redding ;
But we the tegs will fastle fast,
Well-foddered, and till Yule is past
Toil none in tower or steading.

*And so, I prithe, merrie be
In joy of Christ's Nativitie ;
And wassail, wassail, wassail sing
In honour of our Lord and King.*

And when the sacring-bell hath rung,
And when the priest his Mass hath sung
 A-down to board we'll frolic ;
And when our lord hath ta'en his place,
And good Friar Anslem's mumbled
 " Grace,"

 In meat and mead we'll rollick.
And knight and 'squire, and clerk and
 priest,
And churl, and wight, and wench will
 feast,

 On what their eyes may hap on—
For there'll be boar's-head, roasted quail,
Plum-porridge, veal, and sweetened ale,
 And mallard, goose, and capon.

*And so, I prithee, merrie be
In joy of Christ's Nativitie ;
And wassail, wassail, wassail sing
In honour of our Lord and King.*

And, after meat, the minstrel-mimes
Will troll for us their merrie rhymes,
 And we will romp and revel,
And 'plaud buffons and jugglers too,

And cozen with the wenches who
Will kiss without a cavil ;
The mummers we will jape and cheer,
We'll bourd, and bawl, and sing, nor fear
The frown of lord or neighbour,
And we will carol joyfulie
To merrie song and melodie
Of flagelot and tabor.

*And so, I prithee, merrie be
In joy of Christ's Nativitie ;
And wassail, wassail, wassail sing
In honour of our Lord and King.*

And yet, from dawn till even-dim,
Our chiefest thoughts shall be of Him
Whom God the Father gave us,
Who came to this bleak earth to live,
His Heart's most precious Blood to give,
And from the Pit to save us.
And so, at times, we'll pause from play
And sign the Cross and lowly pray
To Christ, the swaddled Stranger,
Who blest mankind that Christmas morn
When He, all houseless and forlorn,
Lay shivering in a manger.

*And so, I prithee, pray with me
In joy of Christ's Nativitie ;
And wassail, wassail, wassail sing
In honour of our Lord and King.*

HOC DIE DOMINUS NOSTER
NASCITUR.



O wind the silvern horn,
And pluck the angelot string,
And viol, lute, and flute make
play
For Jesus Christ, the King.
For Jesus Christ, the King.

And as ye wandering go
Chant joyously this lay—
Till earth and sea and sky do ring—
“ The Christ is born to-day !
The Christ is born to-day ! ”

No instrument have I
To serve my singing need,
Yet I, too, fain would pipe His praise
Though't be upon a reed,
Though't be upon a reed.

But ye with silvern horn,
Lute, flute and angelot,
Sing carols meet and blithe and sweet,
For Christ the God-Begot,
For Christ the God-Begot.

MARY'S SONG TO JESUS.



ROCK-A-BY, hush-a-by, lo, I
sing,

Flesh of my flesh! my Son,
my King,

King Kaspar, lord of many lands,

Doth ride this night to Bethlehem

(O camel bells across the sands!)

To kiss Thy swaddling garment's
hem—

Yet Thou sleepest to the sad sleep-song
I sing ;

Look up for a space from my breast, my
King,

That Thy mother may kiss Thy rose-bud
Mouth,

More sweet than the spice of the fragrant
south.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, lo, I sing,

Blood of my blood ! my Son, my King,

And King Balthasar, mile on mile,

Doth sail at dawn and even dim
(O plashing oars adown the Nile!)
To see my Jesus smile at him—
Yet Thou sleepest to the sad sleep-song
I sing;
Awaken and croodle and croon, my
King,
And Thy mother will kiss Thy Hands and
Feet,
Dimpled and delicate, white and sweet.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, lo, I sing,
Bone of my bone! my Son, by King,
King Melchior, ere the last star wanes,
Shall kneel and lay before Thee there
(O signal fires across the plains!)
Pure gold and frankinsense and
mhyrr—
Yet Thou sleepest to the sad sleep-song
I sing;
Ah, Thou shiverest there on the straw,
my King,
Come! Thy mother these swaddling
clothes will part
And keep Thee warmer against her heart.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, lo, I sing,
Life of my life ! my Son, my King,
 The shepherds throng this stable door
 To greet the Father's Holy One
 (*O gleaming star that moves no
 more !*)
 To greet the Light whence light
 begun—
Yet Thou sleepest to the sad sleep-song
 I sing ;
Ah, open Thy sleepy Eyes, my King,
That Thy mother may see her baby
 smile—
A baby Thou'lt be such a little while !

Rock-a-by, hush-a by, lo, I sing,
Soul of my soul ! my Son, my King,
 Thy Father's angels, in Thy praise,
 Breathe forth the songs of Paradise
 (*O host more bright than stars' bright
 rays !*)
 And crave but one glance of Thine
 Eyes—
Yet Thou sleepest to the sad sleep-song
 I sing ;

Canst hear them hail Thee their Lord
and King?

Smile up at these makers of Heavenly
song,

And the kings and shephards that round
Thee throng.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, lo, I sing,

Why doest Thou sleep so long, my King?

Thou seemest dead—Thou liest so still!

Ah, yes! Thou dreamest we must
part

(O gaunt stark Cross on Calvary's Hill!)

And so creep'st closer to my heart—

And sleepest to the sad sleep-song I sing.

My Jesus, my Baby, my God, my King,

Oh, promise Thy mother Thou'lt ne'er
forget

Of this night when Thy Face with her
tears were wet.

A BALLAD OF BETHLEHEM.



FROM a field nigh the cave where
Christ was born,
What though no fragrant rose-
trees blossom there—

The Chroniclers tell—each Christmas
morn

The sweet perfume of roses fills the
air.

In all good sooth, 'tis meet that this
should be ;

For in this field, of yore, by God's
White Hand

Were formed and fashioned with all
delicacy

The first rose-blooms beheld in any
land.

The Judges and the Scribes of Bethlehem
In council had condemned a maid to
die

For that she would not sin with one of
them

But valued more than life her chastity.

The while they dragged her from the
judgment-halls

The people spat on her, and rent her
dress,

Till that she reached the fields outside
the walls

Torn, bruised, and shivering in her
nakedness.

And there prone on her face, she prayed
this prayer :

“ Sweet Christ ! an’t be Thy Will that
I should die,

I am content as I am ’neath Thy care,

But Thou vouchsafe to prove my
purity.”

While yet she prayed, they dragged her
to the stake

And bound her fast with chains no fire
could burn ;

And as they piled the faggots, mockers
spake :

“ Well merited the death all harlots
earn ! ”

They fired the pile wherein she meekly
stood,

And watched the flames about her frail
limbs roam ;

But, lo ! the brands changed to roses red
as blood !

The flames to sprays of roses white as
foam !

The Judges and the Scribes of Bethlehem
In council had condemned this maid to
die

For that she would not sin with one of
them,

But valued more than life her chastity.

And while they dragged her from the
judgment halls

The people spat on her, and rent her
dress,

Till that she lay outside their city walls
Bruised, shamed, and shivering in her
nakedness.

But there God proved her holy purity ;
For there, near Bethlehem, by His
own Hand
He formed and fashioned with all
delicacy
The first rose-blossoms known in any
land.

And, as He changed the brands to roses
red,
Or, as He changed the flames to roses
white,
May He change sinful hearts, and on each
head
Shed down unceasingly the grace of
Light.

Amen.

AN OLD ENGLISH YULE-SONG



OUR good liege-lord, King Arthur,
lies

This Yule at toweréd Came-
lot,

And hither he hath bidden his court

To keep the feast of Christ, I wot !

What then though nor'land winds blow
cool,

And she-wolves roam the country-side,
In revelry and carolling

We'll pass this joyous Christmastide—

Sing Heigh lolly lolly lo !

Let serfmen and freemen,

Cowléd friar, and knight and 'squire

Join the mumming gleemen.

And though our lord's leal knights will
miss

Sir Gawain, the courtly and the good,

Who fares to smite the fierce Green
Knight

In his dark northern solitude ;
Gramercy ! he'll return betimes
When he hath taken blow for blow :
Upheld the fame of Arthur's court,
And made the eyttyn's blood to flow—

*Sing Christ Jesu, Mary's Son,
Swaddled in a manger,
Strengthen good Sir Gawain's arm
And shield him from danger.*

And when the Mass-priest sings the Mass,
And we have sent the poor away
With bulging wallet-bags, we'll out
To watch the knights at tourney-play ;
And when the pole-star glitters bright
We'll back into the banquet-hall,
And there'll be minstrelsey and cheer,
And meat and mead enough for all—

*Sing Heigh lolly lolly lo !
Let serfmen, and freemen,
And maid and squire, never tire
Carolling with the gleemen.*

But though to-morrow we'll make gay,
To-night, I'll trow, we'll mindful be
Of Him who came on Christmas morn
To shed His Heart's Blood on the Tree.
So, hearth-wife, sweep and strew thine
house,
Leave door unpinned, and lanthorn lit,
And Máry and her Spouse, mayhap,
Will come and rest a space in it—

*Sing Christ Jesu, Mary's Son,
Poor homeless Stranger !
Make my house Thy birthing-place
And my heart Thy manger.*

OLD-WORLD BALLADS

THE MAD SON.

A Ballad of the Wars of the Roses, A.D. 1490.



*WO red red roses burgeonéd,
Sing Heigh-ho! sing Heigh-
dey!
One rose is dead, one withering,
Christ rest you, gentle lady.*

Three men rode out thro' Exeter,
On palfreys white as white could be,
And one was a friar, and one a 'squire,
And one a lord of high degree.

As thro' the town they took their way,
A whisper sped from door to door,
The good priest looked nor left nor right,
But told his brown beads o'er and o'er.

The young 'squire told no rosary-beads,
His hands lay listless in his lap,
His pale cheeks looked the paler for
The red rose in his sable cap.

And ever as they rode along

He gazed before with yernful eyes,
And sang in quavering voice and low
A love-rune, in this piteous wise :

Two red red roses burgeonéd,

Sing Heigh-ho ! sing Heigh-dey !

One rose is dead, one withering,

Christ rest you, gentle lady.

And ever as they rode along

The Lord of Ware wept bitterly,
And beat his breast and moaned aloud :
“ Miserere Domine ! ”

“ No sire had nobler son than I,

Our race's strength lurked 'neath his
brows,

But 'twas his will to wive with one

Whose breed had fought the Red-Rose
House.

“ ‘ A slut ! ’ I cried ; and for my throat

I saw his hip-sword's murderous dash,
But lo, I neivelled him to earth
Swiftly as forkéd lightning's flash !

“ I would the blow had reaved his life !
For now he roams my castle-lands
With ambling gait, or mute of lip
Sits listlessly with twinéd hands.

“ I would the blow had reaved his life !
But 'tis my penance, by Christ's grace,
To list his maffle-speech, and mark
The witless leer upon his face.

“ The maid he would have wed with died
The hapless hour she came to know
The Lord of Ware had struck his heir,
And made an idiot with a blow.

“ Somewise he knoweth she hath died,
And so with roses white and red,
Each Christ's-day, he doth ride to deck
A mound 'neath which he deems her
laid.

“ I, with my priest, do follow him
And kneel hard by while he doth sing
His witless song of roses red,
One dead and one fast withering.”

.


Two men rode back thro' Exeter,
On palfreys white as white could be,
The Lord of Ware, and a cowléd friar,
Behind a mourning companie.

As thro' the town they took their way
A whisper sped from door to door,
And townsfolk bared their heads while
passed
The bier their liege-lord's henchmen
bore.

And as the grieved men rode along
With low-hung heads and brimming
eyes,
They seemed to hear, far far away,
His love-rune sung in piteous-wise :

*Two red red roses, burgeonéd,
Sing Heigh-ho ! sing Heigh-dey !
One rose is dead, one withering,
Christ rest you, gentle lady.*

THE BALLAD OF FRIAR MARK.

HE hills loomed dim blue at
the wane of day,
Their peaks by the red sun
kisst,
O'er the vale at their base, in white array,
Crept the hosts of evening mist.

But, heedless, Friar Mark sate beneath a
tree
That grew by the river's bank,
His face grave and bright, alternately,
As his green float rose or sank.

Till, anon, he heard from his convent grey
The chimes of the vesper-bell,
And, crossing himself, he began to pray,
And his worn brown beads to tell.

From their hidden nests, in a leafy grove,
"Good-nights" chirped the feathery
throng:

The holy man heard, raised his voice in
love,
And joined in their even-song.

But, high o'er the throng singing sleepily,
One linnet sang blithe and clear :
"O Maker and Master who rul'st on High!
Send Thou an angel here."

And Christ heard, and sent from His
Garth above
One angel down to this world of sin,
And, afterwards, smiled and spake words
of love,
As He led *two* angels in.

SIR JOHN OF THE FENWOODS.



THE lady crept to her chamber
When the bats were on the
wing,
And the gold moon clomb
thro' the star-ways
At the deep of evening ;

And she drew from a leathern wallet—
Embroidered with loving care—
A rose-red love-knot, and wove it
Into her long dark hair.

And the while she braided her tresses
She sang of the Isle of Trees,
That lies, like a glimmering emerald,
In the Southern foam-flecked seas.

The halberdier paused 'neath the keep-
tower,
The castle had fallen still ;
And a fragrant rose-bud fluttered
From her chamber window-sill.

He kissed it ; then passed thro' the keep-
tower,

Like a silent shadowy thing,
And he was 'ware, as he clomb the stair,
Of a dulcet lute-playing :

“Night and day, Sir John of the Fenwoods
Doth war on my dead sire's lands,
For that I swore his bearded lips
Would never kiss my hands :

“Not for all the odorous breathing spice
From the land of Araby,
Or myrrh, or frankincense, or gold,
Or pearls, or ivory—
Would I wed Sir John of the Fenwoods,
Whose dark ships sail the sea.

“But the stranger who came in the mead-
month
To serve at my beck and call—
Though many a knight hath spake me
fair—
I love him best of all.”

And he answered: "Sweet! ere the
dawn-tide,

We'll away to the Isle of Trees
That lies, like a glimmering emerald,
In the Southern foam-flecked seas."

He kissed her brow, her lips, her throat,
Her heaving breast, her paly hands,
And spake: "I blame not him who warred
Upon your spreading castle-lands!"

He saddled her a palfrey white,
Himself a dapple grey,
And thro' the sleeping men-at-arms
They rade ere white of day.

And the years speed by like day-dreams
On the quiet Isle of Trees
That lies, like a glimmering emerald,
In the Southern foam-flecked seas.

And oft, in her secret chamber,
When the bats are on the wing,
And the gold moon climbs thro' the star-
ways
At the deep of evening,

She draws from a leathern wallet
Embroidered with loving care,
The love-knot the halberdier gave her,
And braids it into her hair.

.

And she wots not John of the Fenwoods
No longer wars on her lands :
She wots not John of the Fenwoods
Hath the leave to kiss her hands.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.



HE walked across the chapel,
Between the oaken pews,
And beckoned me; I followed
him
Out through the yews.

He whispered : " If you love me,
You'll not go back to pray :
But keep the shelter of my arms
Till red of day."

And, stooping down, he kissed me ;
His face was icy cold,
His lips were wet and clammy, like
The grave-yard mould.

I heard a bat flit by us,
I heard a watch-dog bark,
He gazed with seeming-sightless eyes
Into the dark ;

Then raised his hand and pointed
Across the meadow-dips,
And spake: "The earth lies on my eyes,
And 'twixt my lips."

He moved across the church-yard,
I followed where he led—
Sweet Christ! then I remembered
That he was dead!

Afar a cock 'gan crowing,
A watch-dog 'gan to bark,
He passed, with horror in his eyes,
Into the dark.

Would God I had not Crossed myself!
I'd not be left to moan,
Alone, at the dawn's break, standing as
Though turned to stone;

My love I might have followed
Across the meadow-dips,
What though the earth lay on my eyes
And 'twixt my lips.

MEMORIAL VERSES



THE HEALER.

(In memory of my friend, Francis Wisely, M.D., who died
of wounds received at Gallipoli, Sept. 14th, 1915).



NOT yours to heed the battle-
trumpet's call,
And order slaughter with
your latest breath,
Not yours locked in your comrades' ranks
to fall,
But yours to clutch their bleeding
forms from death.

And yours to wash their wounds, to
soothe their cries,
And whisper them: "Though troubled
of your scars—
Bear ye, for Justice' sake, and lift your
eyes,
And set your foreheads to the flaming
stars."

Friend of the healing hands! rest now,
and know

The fruits of your sweet ministerings
they reap;

That Time shall not your memory over-
throw,

And your long sleep shall be no barren
sleep.

THE COMFORTER.

(To a gentle and saintly kinswoman on the death of her
sister, April, 1915).



NOT to the Dead my tribute, but
to thee,
O strong staunch heart! 'tis
thine by every right.

The road thou walkest sweeps into the
night,
And yet thou walkest on—unfalteringly.

And when thy worn soul beats against the
bars,
Surely unto His angels Christ will say:
“To guide that soul, upon her Me-ward
way,
Hang ye the darkened skies with silver
stars!”

And when within the Garth thou stand'st
apart
Wherein our gentle Saviour fashioneth

The charity whereof, at times of death,
Thou brought'st sweet ministrations to
each heart.

We, of thy house, who saw thee wearied
With prayer and watch for kin and
stranger too,
Will whisper of the griefs thy brave
heart knew,
And tear-wet hands will make and smooth
thy bed.

SACRED VERSES

TO THE MAN GOD.



I CRAVE Thee, O Man-God !
Guide Thou me thro' my
length of days,
That I may learn to walk for
Thee

The austere ways
That Thou hast trod
For me, for very me.
And if I daily fret or grieve,
Because I cannot understand,
Give Mary leave
And she will tell
White Gabriel
Or Uriel
To come and take me by the hand,
And lead me thro' this sorrow-land,
Away, away,
To where I may
Journey amidst the sweetest sounds,
And breathe, thro' the eternal hours,
The fragrant sweetness of the flowers—
The Five Red Flowers that are Thy
Wounds.

THE CRY OF THE PENITENT.



SWEET, did you meet King
Love this even?

This windy valley He wandered thro' ;

And, did He sadly turn on you
Eyes blue as the cobalt deeps of Heaven?

Around His bleeding Brows shone seven
Crimson poppies a-gleam with dew;
Sweet, did you meet King Love this even?
This windy valley He wandered thro'.

Mine aching heart is sorrow-riven :
He passed thro' the haze of lilac-blue
That hides the pyre of the sun from
view,
And left my stained soul unshriven.
Sweet, did you meet King Love this even?

THE BIRTH OF DAY.



THE breath of God, the wind,
hath swept away
The sombre sable shades of
Night

From o'er the vast cathedral of the East;
Lo, from its lancet-windows, bright
Beams glint o'er hill, and moor, and dale,
and lawn.

Prostrate, I thank Thee, Mighty Priest!
Again Thy wondrous gracious Hand doth
light

The golden sanctuary-lamp of Day
With the thin white tapers of the Dawn.

A SONG OF HOPE.



SORROWED heart! before
the world
Lieth wan in its winding-
sheet,
Thou wilt be wafted hence and whirled
To gentle Jesus' piercéd Feet.

The prayers from lowly peasant-hearth,
High-toweréd hall, proud bastioned dun,
And silent saintly cloister-garth,
Will reach the Father's Holy One :

And, happy in His skiey Home,
All-happy in His own God-Mood,
His Voice will bid thee: "Cease to roam,
Come to My Heart's glad quietude."

And He will place thee where He lists,
Perchance full-lowly, nigh the stars—
Bright tinkling trinkets at the wrists
Of angels—nigh the portal bars.

Or, mayhap, thou shalt higher be
 Anear the Maid of Moonéd Brows,
Who'll turn to very ecstasy
 The sorrow of thy wasting woes ;

But, high or low, before the world
 Lieth wan in its winding-sheet,
Thou wilt be wafted hence and whirled
 To gentle Jesus' piercéd Feet.

THE CROSS.



SAW the gaunt stark Cross of
Christ
Loom dark against a wrack-
dark sky,
I saw the bruised Man-God up-triced
Between two thieves, to bleed and die.
I heard the winds shriek frenziedly,
I saw the graves give up their dead
The heavens riven luridly
With forkéd lightnings flaming-red.

I saw the gaunt stark Cross of Christ,
I saw the Saviour of the world,
To please His Father, sacrificed
Lest earthlings into Hell be hurled.
I heard the planets' hearts athrob,
The elemental forces rave,
And the one great convulsive sob,
That, when He died, the whole earth
gave.

I saw the gaunt stark Cross of Christ,
I saw the dead God hang on it,
The cloak for which the soldiers diced,
The spear with which His Side was slit;
I saw the cruel crown of thorn,
I saw the Blood from every wound
That left His Body maimed and torn
Congealing slowly on the ground.

I saw the gaunt stark Cross of Christ
Gleam blood-wet 'gainst a blood-red
sun,
But, ere His Life He sacrificed—
That God the Father's Will be done—
His Eyes, from which Blood-tears did
creep,
He turned on me! and, since then I
Do think for Him all men should weep
From they are born until they die.

I saw the gaunt stark Cross of Christ—
If what I saw I could rehearse,
The firmament would be incised
With what I'd speak in thunderous
verse!

And this poor song whose life shall be
More fleet than frost-nipped nenuphar's,
Would live for all eternity,
And hear the death-knell of the stars.

FREE TRANSLATIONS FROM THE IRISH

A BARD'S LAMENT OVER HIS CHILDREN.



RIVER of great kings and sons
of kings!

O river of swift bark and
silver fish!

O Boyne once famed for battle-frays and
sports,

And heroes of the regal race of Conn!

Art thou grey-grown for all thy comeli-
ness?

O agéd woman of the grey-green pools!

O sorrowed Boyne! O stream of many
tears!

Where gone the golden glory of thy sires?

The fame of mighty Art, and wise
Meltain—

Art of the Arrows, Meltain of the Spears—

Sons of the hero-house of the O'Neill?

To thee, of yore, belonged red victory,

When fires of Fenian wrath were kindled
 well,
And blood-smeared bridles clanked on
 foaming steeds,
As leaguéd legions swept to venging war.

O river of great kings and sons of kings !
O river of swift bark and silver fish !
I lay my blessings on thee with my tears—
For thou wilt watch forever o'er the grave
Wherein my treasures sleep, close by thy
 side ;
O agéd woman of the grey-green pools !
O sorrowed Boyne ! O stream of many
 tears !

There lie my sons in all their lusty strength,
There lies my girl in all her budding
 charms—
Rory and Brian with their sister, Rose.
These have I given sore against my will,
O deep dark grave to thee ! They were
 myself,
My life, my love, my flesh, my blood, my
 bone.

The blessings of all men were on the
three,
The blessings of the folk that loved them
well,
From Holy Kells to ancient Drogheda.
May peace be on this grave wherein they
lie
Beside thy waters, royal stream of kings !
Here in the spreading lands of the O'Neill.

O river of great kings and sons of kings !
O river of swift bark and silver fish !
O Boyne once famed for battle frays and
sports
And heroes of the regal race of Conn !
O agéd woman of the grey-green pools !
I lay my blessings on thee with my tears.

THE LAMENT OF CREDHE
OVER CAEL.



THE harbour roareth o'er the
rushing race
Of yon grim point—The Head-
land of the Storms ;
Its white-crowned waves are wailing on
the strand :
The Slayer of Finnachta of the Teeth,
The Hundred-Killer, Leinster's bravest
liege,
Cael, the son of Crimthann, is no more!
Cael, the Fighting-Man, hath passed away!

The waves of Tulcha Leis that rise and
fall,
And tower and break, are sighing in this
wise :
The Fearless One whose hairy hand hath
felled

Strong-hearted chiefs and wizard warriors,
Whose battle-shield ne'er cried in craven
fear,

Cael, the son of Crimthann, is no more!
Cael, the Fighting-Man, hath passed away!

Woe! in the Pleasant Ridge the thrush's
cry

Is pityful, and saddening to the heart;
In Leiter Laeig the blithesome blackbird
sings

A sorrow-rann : its voice is full of tears.

Woe! in the marshy places of the Ridge
Of Strong Men, I can hear the loud-voiced
crane :

Piteously and sorrowfully she keens :
She cannot save her nestlings, for the
fox—

The white fanged fox—doth rend her
little ones.

Woe! from the Ridge of Lights there
comes to me

The sobbing of the stag : he wails alone
For in Druim Silenn lieth dead his hind.

Woefully roars the harbour o'er the race!
Woefully wail the waves of Tulcha Leis!
No more the mad thrush lilts its merry
lay!

No more the blackbird pipes its scolding
song!

Wildly the crane cries o'er her mangled
young!

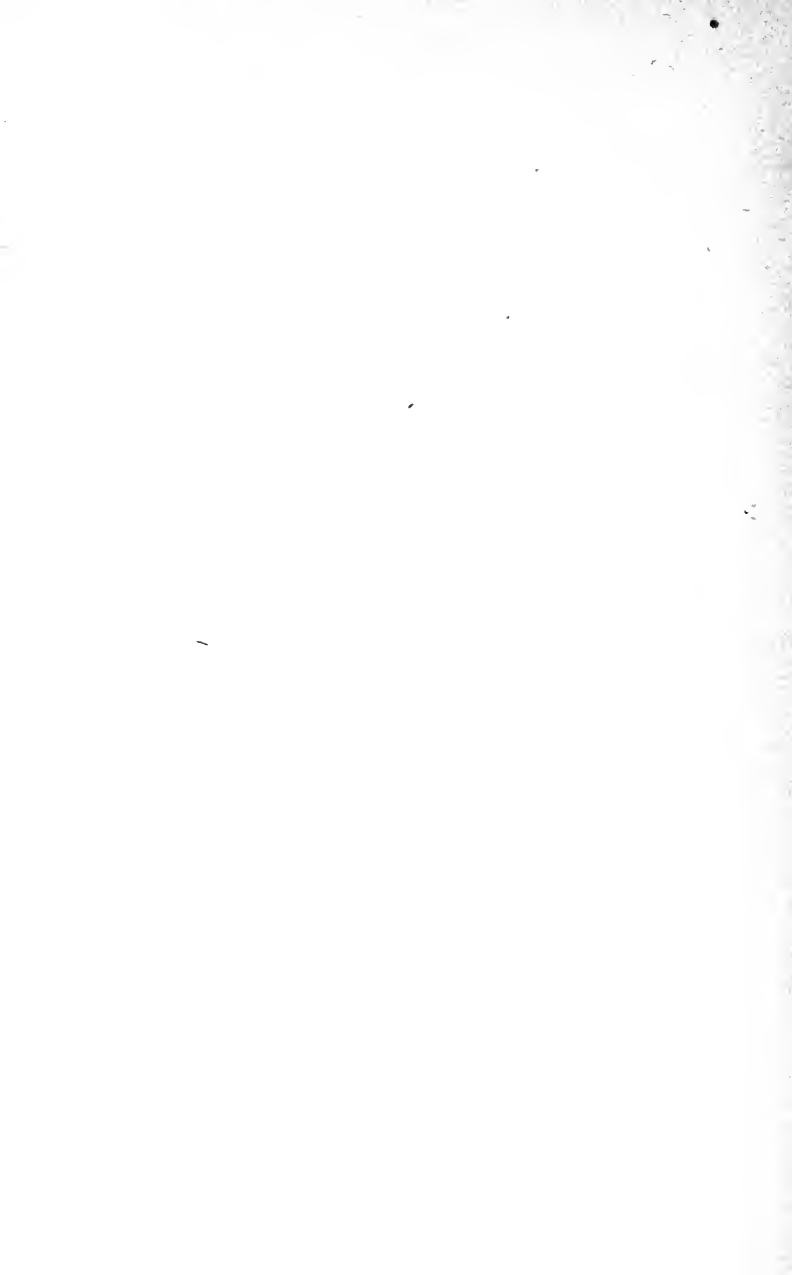
Loudly the stag lows o'er his slaughtered
hind!

But there is greater grief in my lament,
And deeper searing sorrow in my heart,
For he was all to me: lord, love, and life.
His beauty often put my wits astray!
And now, I kneel in tears, his dear dark
head

Pillowed upon a clod of spume-wet grass;
His fingers twined in mine, my face on
his;

What can I do but weep and pray the Gods
That they may join us soon, ah! very
soon.

LOVE SONGS



THERE IS A LAND WHERE
OLEANDERS BLOW.

(A SONG FROM A LONG DRAMATIC POEM)



HERE is a land where oleanders
blow,
And ever dream dim dreams
from dusk till dawn,
Where fragrant pomegranates forever
rear
The gorgeous golden glory of their blooms.

There is a land where white magnolias—
Swaying as softly as the sparkling waves,
Front the dull-green ilexis, like the surf
That foams about the base of basalt-cliffs.

There is a land where poppies, creamy-
white,
Waver serenely to the west-wind's tune,
Where new-blown roses, red as living
blood,
Breathe forth the very essence of their
souls.

There is a land where happy honey-
flowers

Mingle their sweets with vales of violets,
Foam-white and purple, dewy-eyed and
fair,

Thither we twain will wend our way—
and rest.

CHOPIN'S 7TH PRELUDE.




I CANNOT bring the flowers
That I was wont to bring,
I cannot sing the songs
That I was wont to sing :

My garth is tangled grown,
My rose-trees witheréd,
And I am sad at heart
For my fond hopes are dead.

Pale rosemary and rue
The only flowers I bring,
Songs of the death of Love
The only songs I sing ;
Pale rosemary and rue
Over your grave I spread—
Oh, for the deep sweet sleep
Of lovers that are dead !

A BORDER-LAIRD'S LOVE-SONG.

HE'D hae huntin' hawks an'
hounds,
Toweréd ha's and bowers
shadey,
Tree-busked walks, an' flower-laid grounds,
Gin she'd be my winsome lady.

She'd hae herds o' glossy kine,
Siller store, an' richest treasure,
Gin her licht feet tripped wi' mine
Thro' the stately marriage-measure.

She'd hae jewelled rings tae wear,
Leathern shoon and sendall dresses,
Flimsy silks tae gar her fair,
Gowden braid tae bind her tresses.

She'd be 'tentit nicht an' day,
Thoughts o' former wrinklín' labour
Minstrel-wights would soothe away
Wi' mellow oboe, lute, and tabor.

I would scale the mountain peaks,
I would plough the heavin' water,
Did my comin' light the cheeks
O' the salmon-fisher's daughter.

AVE ET SALVE.



THE highest hills in the mists
are hidden,
The flowers you gave me
are witheréd ;
You shall go hence, by me unchidden—
For all the dreams that I dreamed are
dead.

You came, of old, unsought, unbidden,
And gave me your mouth so soft and
red ;
You shall go hence, by me unchidden—
For all the dreams that I dreamed are
dead.

I gave you my love ; and the heart you
hid in
At your faintest sigh like a new wound
bled ;
You shall go hence, by me unchidden—
For all the dreams that I dreamed are
dead.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

THE SPHINX.



ETHINKS that thou wert old,
O Silent One !
Ere Pasht on her first votaries
did frown,
And still thou look'st the teeming
centuries down,
Half-cynically, from thy vast desert
throne.
Thou'st seen Tyre, Nineveh, and Babylon,
Crumble like lotus-leaves ; kings of
renown,
Who first made history, in Time's surges
drown ;
And dusts of mighty empires starward
blown.

Yet, I believe, should I creep, stealthily,
When with pale stars the dark-green
skies are dight,
To where thou crouchest brooding
on the world—

That I would hear from thy stone heart
a cry
For mankind's present suffering and
earth's plight,
What though thine æon-mute lips in
scorn seem curled.

APRIL.



I loved you, gentle maiden,
With a tender love and true,
And, longingly, oft searched
for you

Through greenening glens, ere yet your
laughter

(Sighed for, sought for, followed after)

Thro' the budded branches ringing

Set the new-come birds a-singing,

Till I spied you coming laden

With sweet yellow daffodils.

Now you are gone again, sweet maiden,

May comes tripping o'er the hills,

Carolling to the leaping rills ;

But though her merry music thrills

My soul, I'll ne'er forget you, maiden,


Or your rippling girlish laughter

(Sighed for, sought for, followed after)

As you came to meet me, laden

With sweet yellow daffodils.

THE LINNET'S SONG.

ALK on alone, and let me lie
Upon the violet-covered banks
Of this cool softly-crooning
stream ;

And, as the sparkling sunbeams kiss
Its bosom, I will muse and dream :
I'll tender Christ my heart-felt thanks
For such a perfect day as this ;
I'll watch the clouds sail by
And search them, as they pass, for poetry,
I'll list the linnet in yon grove
Pour forth its song of passionate love ;
And, friend, I pray, think not of me,
For I could lie the glad day long
A-listening to a linnet's song
And never lonely be.

ALIA TENTANDA VIA EST.



THE lean and leafless trees are
darkly set
Against enangered skies that
no stars dight,
And far-off voices call me onward yet,
Though I am weary, Melancholy Night!

The hollow way with sharpéd thorns was
strewn,
With jagged crags and rocks the rugged
height,
My feet are bleeding, cans't not hear me
moan?
Hast thou no pity, Melancholy Night?

I have gained all: and I have nothing
gained!

The years leer round with faces drawn
and white,
My sandals are out-worn, my cloak mire-
stained,
My strength is broken, Melancholy
Night!

The dark wraiths lured me to the topmost
peaks

(I stand tear-blinded in the waning light,
I shall not see a new dawn's silver
streaks)

May I not rest now, Melancholy Night?

Fairer my love than Petrarch's love;
more fair

Than Beatrice; or Tasso's heart's-
delight;

Give me to kiss once more her fragrant
hair—


My heart is breaking, Melancholy
Night!

I've clomb so high God's glimmering camp
above

Is very near; then pity my sad plight;
Give me back youth and strength and
hope and love,

Or Death's clay arms, O Melancholy
Night.

THE ART OF AUSTIN DOBSON.

HEN I read Austin Dobson I
 seem to be whirled
 Far away from the roar of
 this work-a-day world
With its aeroplanes, engines, and fleet
 motor-cars,
That hiss by with shrill screaming and
 hooting that jars,
To the old-fashioned days of Politeness
 and Quiet,
When even the hedgerows ne'er dared to
 run riot,
But were fashioned and clipped with a
 neat sedate primness
(Like Dobson's own verses renowned for
 their trimness).

I can picture myself, at the Even's com-
posure,
With Prue, arm-in-arm, in the garden's
enclosure :
On his favourite seat, in the shade, Father's
sitting,
"Churchwarden" alight, watching Mother
a-knitting ;
We leave them and pass down the path
to the phlox,
Or pause by the flauntingly-proud holly-
hocks ;
Ere we come to the hives we can hear the
bees humming
And droning, like Mall-gossips, going and
coming.

Or, I picture myself at *The Cheese*, in a
corner,
And as pleased with my "Pie" as was
little Jack Horner ;
Soon old Johnson stumps in from the
Play, bringing Burke
And Goldsmith, and soon they are all
hard at work,

And twixt monthfuls of "Pie," "Toasted
Cheese," "Marrow-Bones"

The Doctor holds forth in his dogmatic
tones :

"I'll wager a crown *The Mistakes of a
Night*, Sir,

Has given the Kellys a terrible fright, Sir."

Or, I fancy, when Spring robes the Park
in new-green,

And the smallest of buds on the trees may
be seen,

That I move thro' the walks of St. James'
in my chair

With the ease of a Great Person taking
the air.

Or, I strut at Vauxhall, 'mid perfumed
furbelows,

And ogle the maids with the best of the
beaux ;

And I muse, at the end of the gay
masquerade :

"Was 't my lady I kisst, or her ladyship's
maid ?"

Or, on closing his *Poems*, in a post-chaise
I sit,
Pretending to laugh at the quips of a
“wit.”

Though fearful, on Bagshot Heath, Turpin
will try

To hold-up the creaking well-packed
Plymouth Fly;

And I hear—when we’re all safe and snug
in *The Dragon*—

Loud boasts from the depths of the
young Ensign’s flagon:

“If our journey Sir Dick had attempted
to mar,

I’d have taken his head to adorn Temple
Bar.”

’Tis a wonderful world that I live in
indeed,

What time I his well-worn *Collected
Poems* read:

’Tis the world of the Dutch kings, the
Press-gang, the Fleet,

Of well-gravelled garden, and ill-cobbled
street,

Of laces, silks, satins, fans, periwigs,
 patches,
Of dice-throwing, cock-fighting, duelling-
 matches,
Wherein Virtue was never exactly ab-
 horred—
And where mightier far than the pen was
 the sword.

When I read Austin Dobson I seem to be
 whirled
Far away from the roar of this work-a-day
 world,
With its aeroplanes, engines, and fleet
 motor-cars,
That hiss by with shrill screaming and
 hooting that jars,
To the old-fashioned days of Politeness
 and Quiet,
When even the hedgerows ne'er dared to
 run riot,
But were fashioned and clipped with a
 neat sedate primness
(Like Dobson's own verses renowned for
 their trimness).

TO MADELINE.



YOUR love is like a star that
 sheds soft rays
 Of gleaming amber light to
 guide my feet ;
Your love is like a rose, wind-blown and
 sweet,
Whose lasting fragrance perfumes all my
 days ;
Your love is like a melodie that strays
 From Paradisal lutes High-God to
 greet,
A poignant thing that makes my life
 complete,
And is too great for my weak-worded
 praise.

Your love is like a star and like a rose,
All-bright and fragrant ; like a melodie
 That lifts the heart and soul to God
 above ;

And, day succeeding day, the chastlier
grows,

And, thro' my nights and days abides
with me,

Yea, like a holy unseen presence,
love!

THE DREAM-TELLER.



WAS a dreamer : I dreamed
Adream at the dark of dawn,
When the stars hung over the
mountains
And morn was wan.

I dreamed my dream at morn,
At noon, at the even-light,
But I told it to you, dark woman,
One soft glad night.

And the sharing of my dream
Has brought me only this :
The gnawing pain of loss, the ache
For your mouth to kiss.

I walked the high hills, last night,
And lo, where the pale stars gleam,
God's cold Voice spake : " If you dream
again,
Tell none your dream ;
Tell none your dream ! "

AN ENDING.



YOU came, last night, and stood
beside my bed,
Bent low, and pressed my
lips in gentlewise ;
Then crept away, in tears, at dawn's rose-
red
With all the world of sorrow in your
eyes.

I pray I may not dream of you again !
I ache for sleep to soothe and strengthen
me,
To bear the gnawing agonizing pain
You gave me with your kisses—
thoughtlessly.

It breaks my heart to know you dream,
my sweet,
I cannot bid you love me—Love is
dead !
And Hope has wandered by with bleeding
feet
To walk the lonely star-ways overhead.

MANANAN MacLIR.



MANANAN MacLIR hath come
up to-night
From his coral-house in the
dark-grey deep ;

At the base of the cliffs where the sea-
birds sleep
He stalks, and his king-robe of nacreous
white
Gleams bright as a she-wolf's fangs bared
to bite.

The thunders are crashing, the wild
winds sweep,
As the fair Sidhe-maids o'er the crag-
tops peep,
To mark the old man by each flash of
light.

Ay, the Sidhe-maids fear Mananan
MacLir !

For one of them, fair as a rose in June,

Was carried away by the sea-king
far,
Far under the seas, where he married her ;
And she ne'er again saw the sun or the
moon
Or the wavering light of each silver
star.

A PRAYER TO GOD THE
FATHER FOR THE WORLD.



LORD God of Hosts, in these
wrath-days of death
Raise one in Ireland who
with flaming words
Will hymn Thy glory and our eldern
faith,
And hurl a withering curse on dripping
swords.

Inspire his soul that he may speak to
man—

In such enthundered tones as Thou
employed
When in the stark Beginning Thou began
To call the systems from the vast dark
Void ;

Or, in such wise as Thou to Adam spake,
To Noah, or to Abraham—and awe

As Thou did'st when Thou mad'st the
 heavens quake—

What time Thou gav'st the Tables of
 the Law.

Let him be strong of purpose, and ne'er
 cease

Till he bequeathe this'nobling heritage;
And may Fame's bugles wind his song of
 peace

Around the world, while rolleth age on
 age.

For sore are men in need of such a song
 To lure their spirits back to Thee,
 dread Lord!

For now the righteous are the thralls of
 Wrong,
And hands that raised the chalice grasp
 the sword.

And with wild mirth the hosts of Hell
 carouse

To see the earthlings Jesus died to save

Make of their star a desolate charnel-
house,
And in His Cross's place enthrone the
glaive ;

And labour, frenziedly, thro' days and
nights
Seeking new means to swathe their
brothers down,
For now, most lauded he who maims and
blights,
And wins by Murder's red path, to
renown.

Thy Son, our gracious Saviour, weep'st
(and meet
It is that He should weep all-
bitterly)
To see this once-green earth bepooled
with gleet
By man in more-than-primal savagery.

Yea, He must writhe to see its fairest
parts

All-disembowelled and cindered with
white flame,
Dunged and re-dunged with shattered
human hearts
By puny kings who slaughter in Thy
Name.

Lord God! we wot our own grim sires
made war—
That Ireland's life-blood oozed for
centuries,
That only now Time healeth her last scar,
That only now Hope dryeth her sad
eyes.

But if our fathers warred, and righteously
Burst in black fury on the hosts that
sought
Our shores, 'twas not from lust for
empire—
But to guard well the true Faith Patrick
taught.

Remember! they or we no faith-troth
brake

With Thee, when Thou art wrothed by
 battling hordes
And raise one to re-tell Thy Love and
 make
Thy little creatures sheathe their little
 swords.

Or they each other shall exterminate
 And the earth (which was ere Thy
 creating mood,
A bubble of water, shapeless, desolate)
 Shall drift a derelict bubble of heaving
 blood :

A firmamentary sore : and anger Thee
 Till Thou wilt pluck it from its ordered
 place,
And in Thy just wrath lunge it, hurtlingly,
 To be for ever lost in infinite space.

Or Thou mayhap of all Thy worlds will
 fash]
And clench Thy Hand wherein, mote-
 like, they spin

And with one ruining chaotic crash
Silence for evermore their rhythmic din.

Ah, no ! wax not so wroth, dread Lord !
Behold

This corpse-swamped earth in panging
agony

And be appeased as with the Flood of old
Or with Thy Son's last sob on Calvary.

And, from the heavens, graciously bend
forth

And mix our blood with tears from Thy
grave Eyes,

And bathe and heal the gaping wounds
of earth

And cleanse it of its foul impurities ;

And raise one of our race to speak to man
In such enthundered tones as Thou
employed

When in the stark Beginning Thou began
To call the systems from the vast dark
Void.

Or in such wise as Thou to Adam spake,
To Noah and to Abraham, and tell
Of Thy great mercies till his singings
shake

The towers of Heaven and the crypts
of Hell.

Let him be strong of purpose and ne'er
cease

Till he bequeathe this 'nobling heritage
And may thine angels wind his hymn of
peace

Around the world while rolleth age on
age.

And men shall see Thee in the air and sea,
And hear Thee in the storm, and wind,
and wave,

And smell Thee in the leaf, and flower
and tree,

And touch and taste Thee in the quiet
grave.

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PRESS OPINIONS

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PRESS OPINIONS

Larchan O'Chiaran in *Sinn Fein* (Dublin)—“I had been reading in the *Irish Review* for June a notice referring to the verse—almost all of it in ballad form, and all of it unconventional—which J. B. Yeats has gathered up in several monthly issues of ‘A Broadside.’ In the notice the reviewer expressed the opinion that ‘a new movement in Irish verse will, one day, originate in this singular collection.’ The words recalled to my mind a small volume of verse entitled ‘The Ulster Folk,’ which I had been reading some time previously. I reopened it, thinking that here indeed was an instance in which the event—or, at any rate the commencement of it—had preceded the prophet . . . ”

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